

LIGHTER MOMENTS

with
fresh *Dated*
Eveready
Batteries

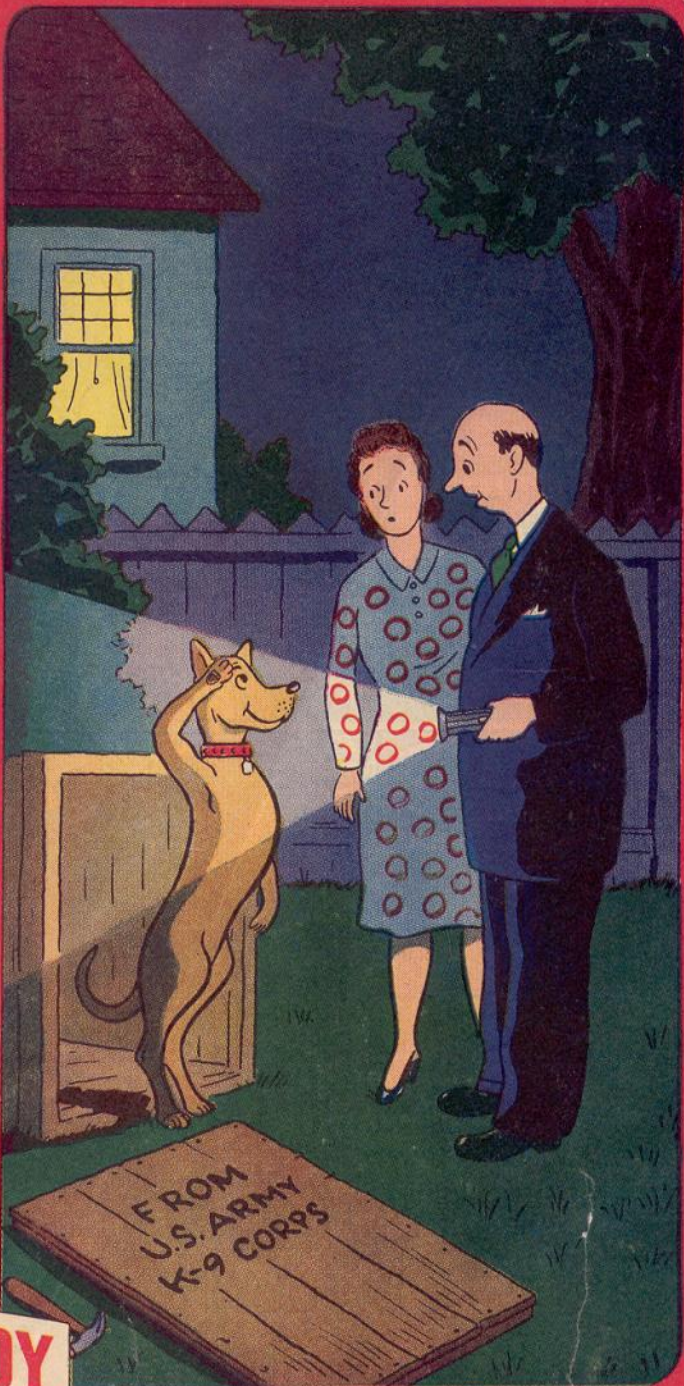
For a time, you had to
take whatever flashlight
batteries you could get!

But that time has passed.
"Eveready" Flashlight
Batteries are back. Ask for
them at your dealer's.

That's good news indeed.
Flashlight batteries may
look alike on the outside,
but that similarity is only
skin-deep. There are im-
portant differences inside
every "Eveready" Battery
— differences that mean
longer life!

Fresh
DATED BATTERIES
Last Longer

Look for the date line



EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

"I'm afraid he isn't quite reconverted yet!"

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark
of National Carbon Company, Inc.



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



SWING SISSON



MICKEY FINN



SPIN SHAW

FEATURE

COMICS

SM
★
6



JUNE No.99



BLIMPY



PERKY



RUSTY RYAN

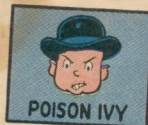


LALA PALOOZA

The
DOLL MAN
is on
THE WARPATH
AGAIN!

10¢





POISON IVY



BIG TOP



SWING SISSON



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SPIN SHAW

FEATURE

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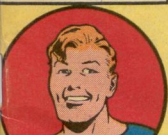
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BLIMPIE



PERKY



RUSTY RYAN



LALA PALOOZA

The
DOLL MAN
is on
THE WARPATH
AGAIN!

10¢



HOW A 97-LB. WEAKLING

Became the **WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN**

The inspiring story of
CHARLES ATLAS



—actual photo of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make You A New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes A Day!

If you're the way I USED to be—if you are skinny and feel only half-alive—if the better jobs pass you by—if you're in the service, but are being "pushed around"—if you're ashamed to strip, for sports or a swim—and if you want a HE-MAN's body—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a build you'll be PROUD of! "Dynamic Tension" will do it for you, too! That's how I changed my own build into that perfect proportion that famous sculptors and artists have paid me to pose for them. My body won me the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I can give you solid, beautiful, USEFUL muscle wherever YOU want it!

"DYNAMIC TENSION" Does It!

In only 15 minutes a day, "Dynamic Tension" can bulge up your chest, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a

New Man! In fact, I GUARANTEE you'll start seeing results in the first 7 days!

I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You simply utilize the UNDEVELOPED muscle-power in your own God-given body—almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY. And it's so easy, my secret, "Dynamic Tension," does the trick!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows in every branch of the service as well as civilians have used my "Dynamic Tension" to change themselves into real HE-MEN! Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book—free. Tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. And I can do the same for YOU! Mail the coupon now! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330F, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330F
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a new man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____ (Please print or write plainly)

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How
to
Draw
Illustrations

It's Fun to Draw

A COMPLETE SELF-INSTRUCTION COURSE AND REFERENCE BOOK
with over 1000 "How-to-do-it" SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS

9 Sections—a \$9 Value All for only \$1⁰⁰

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COMPLETE BOOK OF ART INSTRUCTION AND REFERENCE
edited by ALAN H. ROSSMAN
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paths of fun and artistic ability for you—return it, and it won't cost you a single penny. If you decide to keep it, the FULL PRICE is only \$1.00.

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A hideous laugh that sent shivers up the spines of men and drew vague memories of the jungle out of the depths of their unconscious minds that was the weird, mirthless guffaw of **THE HYENA!**..... not a furry, four-legged beast of the bush, but a two-legged human killer nursing a deadly hatred in his heart and a burning desire to destroy **THE DOLL MAN!**

9/1
THE

DOLL MAN

The hide out of "Ice" Greeg ...

A BIG HAUL
EVEN FOR
"ICE" GREGG!

YEAH, BOSS... AND JUST
THINK... THE DOLL MAN
WAS AFTER US AND WE
GOT AWAY WITH IT
JUST THE SAME!



DON'T MENTION THAT GUY'S
NAME! IT GIVES ME
THE CREEPS!



And on the light globe over-
head The DOLL MAN!

I'LL GIVE HIM
MORE THAN THE
CREEPS AS SOON
AS I HEAR
MORE!



LET'S SEE NINE
OF THOSE RUBIES
AT ABOUT ELEVEN
GRAND APIECE!...

GEE, BOSS, I'LL
BET THAT'S A
LOTTA DOUGH!



HAW! HAW!
GET A LOAD OF
DOCKER LOOKIN'
OVER THE BOSS'S
SHOULDER. JUST
LIKE HE COULD
READ THEM
FIGURES!



HAW!
HAW!

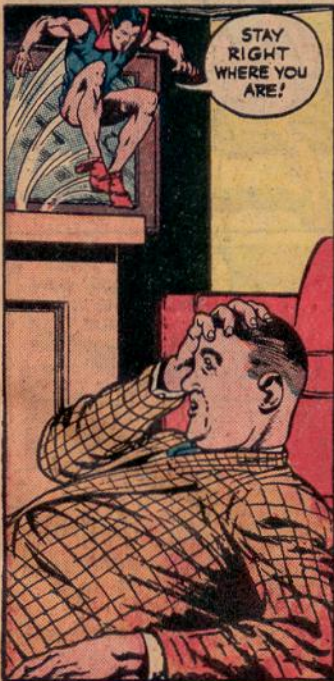
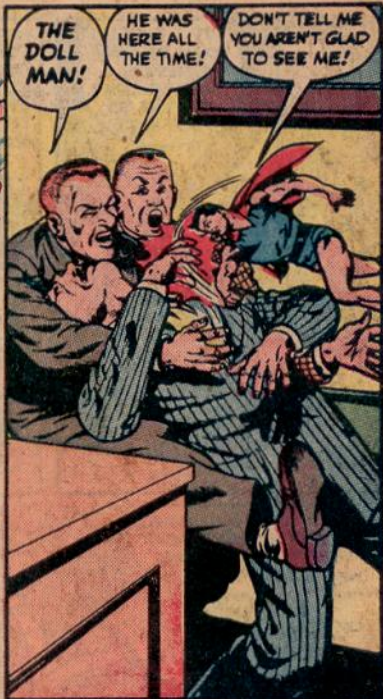
HEY, DOCKER MAYBE YOU'RE
NOT TOO OLD TO GO TO NIGHT
SCHOOL OR SOMETHIN'! DON'T
YOU KNOW YOU'LL NEVER GET
ANYPLACE WITHOUT
LEARNIN' TO
READ?



LAY OFF ME, YOU GUYS! MAYBE
I CAN'T READ BUT I'M HANDIER
WITH A ROD OR MY FISTS THAN
THE REST OF YOU!

WHAT
DID YOU SAY,
DOCKER?







THERE! HE'LL KEEP IN THIS TIN BOX UNTIL "ICE" FIGURES OUT WHAT WE OUGHTTA DO WITH HIM!



GEE, THE MORE I LOOK AT HIM, THE HARDER IT IS TO BELIEVE THAT A GUY HIS SIZE CAN PACK ALL THAT WALLOP!



DOCKER...WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S THE DOLL MAN?



RIGHT IN YOUR TIN BOX, BOSS!

HOLY CATS! DOCKER GOT HIM!



HEY, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! IF HE SUDDENLY COMES TO, WE'RE SUNK!

AW, I KICKED HIS HEAD HARD ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM QUIET FOR AN HOUR!



THIS IS MY DAY, ALL RIGHT! THE RUBIES AND THE DOLL MAN, TOO! FROM NOW ON, I GOT NO WORRIES!

I DID PRETTY GOOD, HUH, BOSS?



SHADDUP, STUPID! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S GOOD AND WHAT ISN'T!

I DUNNO! I THOUGHT I RATED SOMETHIN' FOR GETTIN' THE DOLL MAN!



HAW! HAW! DOCKER FIGURES HE RATES A MEDAL!

THE DOLL MAN PROBABLY JUST FELL ON HIS HEAD BY ACCIDENT!

Inside the tin box...

OOH! IF ONLY DOCKER HAD WORN RUBBER HEELS!

SEEMS I'M IN A TIN BOX! I WONDER WHAT MY CHANCES ARE OF GETTING OUT!

MAKE 'EM LAY OFF ME, BOSS!

YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR IT, SUCKER.... SHOOTIN' YOUR MOUTH OFF ALL THE TIME!

IF I CAN GET THEM INTO A BRAWL, I MAY STAND SOME SORT OF CHANCE!

HE ISN'T HALF THE SUCKER YOU ARE, GREEG! HE DOESN'T PLAN THE KIND OF JOBS YOU COOK UP TO GET YOURSELF TEN YEARS!

HE'S UP! WE GOTTA GET RID OF HIM FAST! IT'S DANGEROUS KEEPIN' HIM AROUND--EVEN IN A BOX!

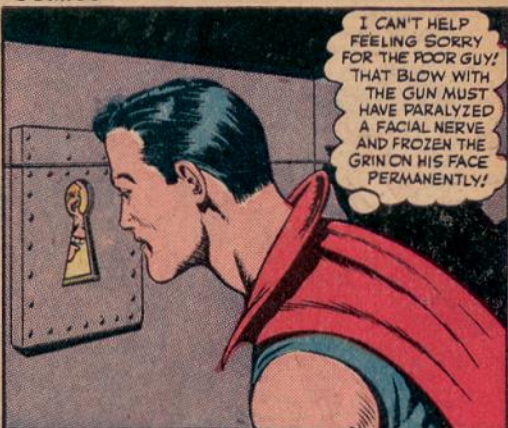
HAW! HAW! DOLL MAN'S TALKIN' ABOUT THAT DIAMOND JOB YOU PULLED BY YOURSELF... THE ONE THAT LANDED YOU IN THE CAN! THAT DOLL MAN'S GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR, ALL RIGHT!

THINK THAT'S FUNNY DO YOU, YOU BIG GORILLA? I'LL SHOW YOU!





HAW! HAW! THAT'S GOOD, BOSS! SUITS HIM TO A T! THAT'S WHAT WE'LL CALL HIM FROM NOW ON ... **THE HYENA!**



I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY FOR THE POOR GUY! THAT BLOW WITH THE GUN MUST HAVE PARALYZED A FACIAL NERVE AND FROZEN THE GRIN ON HIS FACE PERMANENTLY!



ALL RIGHT, HYENA YOU'LL GET ONE MORE CHANCE TO WORK FOR ME! ... BUT IF YOU EVER TALK BACK TO ME AGAIN, I'LL BLOW THAT GRIN OFF YOUR FACE WITH LEAD! NOW, TAKE THAT **BOX OUT!**

SURE ... BOSS! WHAT'LL I DO WITH IT?



DUMP IT IN THE RIVER! THAT'LL BE THE END OF THE DOLL MAN!

RIGHT, BOSS! HA! HA! HA!



HA! HA! HA!

BRR-R-R! THAT LAUGH OF HIS GIVES ME THE WILLIES!

YEAH....IT DON'T EVEN SOUND HUMAN ANYMORE! THERE'S SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT THAT REMINDS ME OF AN ANIMAL ... A HYENA! CRIPES ... THE BOSS SURE HIT ON THE RIGHT NAME FOR HIM!



HA! HA! THEY THINK I'M FUNNY! WAIT'LL THEY SEE HOW **FUNNY** I AM! I'LL FIX GREEG AND THOSE TWO RATS!



I'M LETTIN' YOU OUT, DOLL MAN! YOU CAN GO BACK AND TAKE GREEG AND HIS STOOGES APART!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, DOCKER ... AS SOON AS I'VE DROPPED YOU OFF AT THE NEAREST POLICE STATION!

HAW! HAW! NO YOU DON'T, DOLL MAN! THAT'S NOT THE WAY I HAD IT FIGURED!



YOU'VE BEEN SLAPPED AROUND ENOUGH FOR ONE NIGHT ... BUT YOU DON'T LEAVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE!

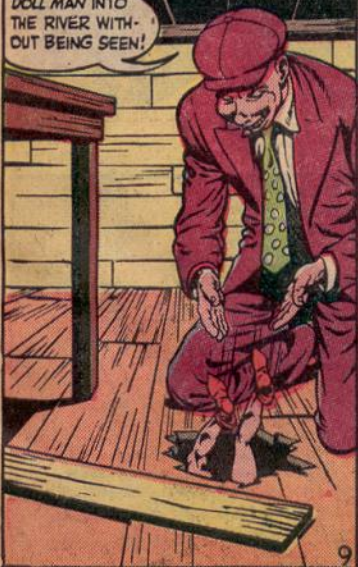
WHY, YUH LITTLE WORM! ... THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR TRYIN' TO GIVE YOU A BREAK!



YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE! NOW, I'LL TAKE CARE OF GREGG MYSELF!



HAW! HAW! THIS RAT HOLE MAKES IT EASY FOR ME TO DROP THE DOLL MAN INTO THE RIVER WITHOUT BEING SEEN!



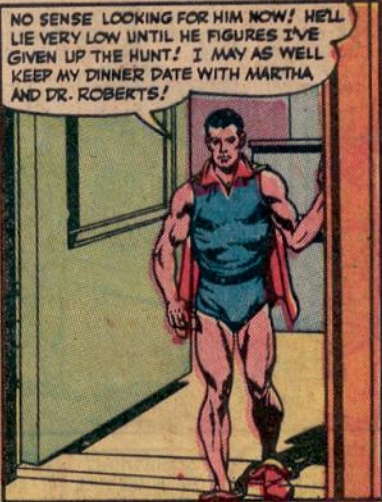
NOW I'M GONNA TAKE CARE OF GREGG AND HIS RATS!





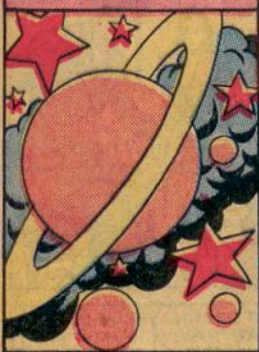


HE
FINISHED
THEM!



NO SENSE LOOKING FOR HIM NOW! HE'LL
LIE VERY LOW UNTIL HE FIGURES I'VE
GIVEN UP THE HUNT! I MAY AS WELL
KEEP MY DINNER DATE WITH MARTHA
AND DR. ROBERTS!

By an exertion of will,
the DOLL MAN expands the
molecules of his body to
become Darrel Dane



DARREL, I THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER GET HERE!
WE'RE HAVING DINNER AT
DR. BANDERS' AND
FATHER ALMOST
TALKED ME INTO
LEAVING WITHOUT
YOU!



DR. BANDERS
... THE NEURO-
SURGEON? THAT'S
A COINCIDENCE!



COINCIDENCE?
WHY?

UH... OH,
NOTHING!
NOTHING, REALLY!
...HELLO, DR. ROBERTS!
SORRY TO KEEP YOU
WAITING!

LE 'S GO,
DARREL!
WE'RE
LATE!

DR. BANDERS, IS
IT POSSIBLE TO
RESTORE A FACIAL
NERVE THAT'S
BEEN DESTROYED
BY A BLOW?



WELL ... IT
DEPENDS, DARREL!
WHAT MAKES
YOU ASK?



WELL ...
I

BEG PARDON, SIR ...
BUT THERE'S A MAN
IN YOUR OFFICE WHO
WON'T GO AWAY! HE
SAYS HE'S GOT TO
SEE YOU NOW!

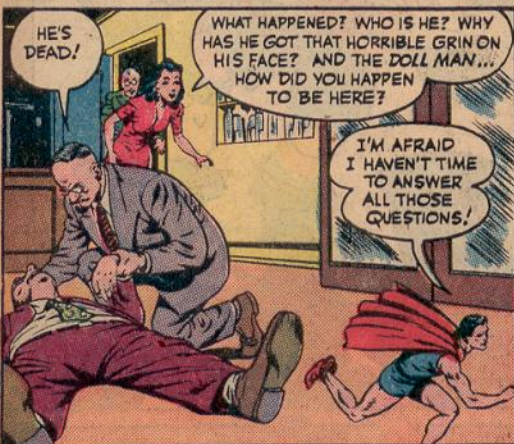


I'LL SEE
WHAT HE WANTS!
EXCUSE
ME!



On the run, Darrel Dane again becomes the DOLL MAN!...

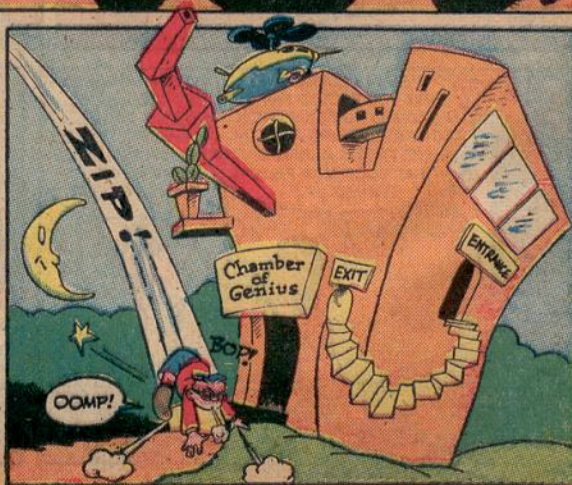
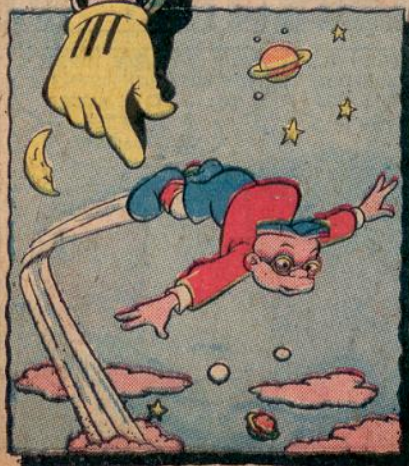
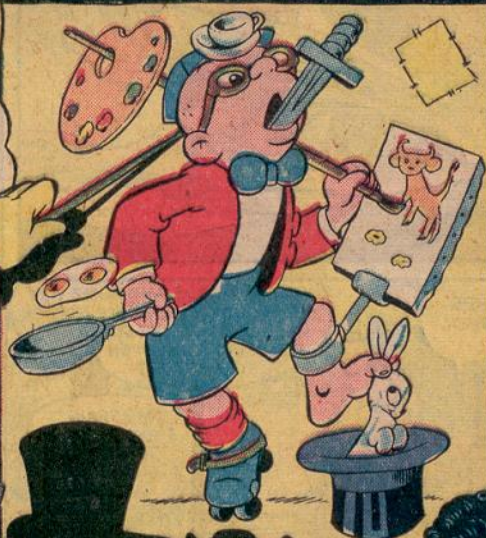
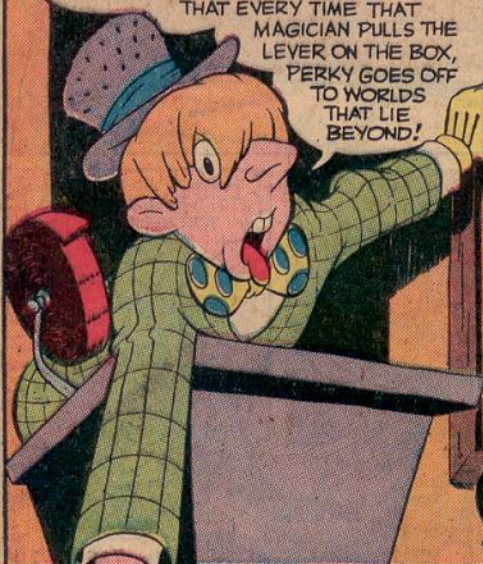


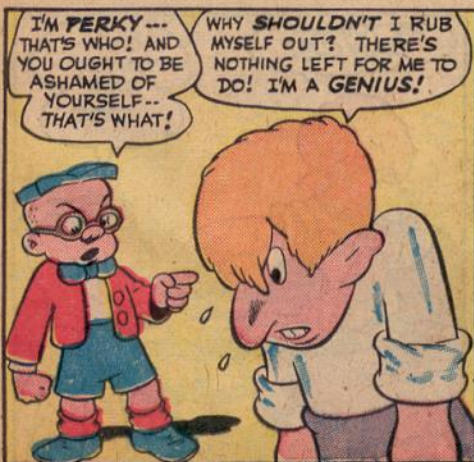
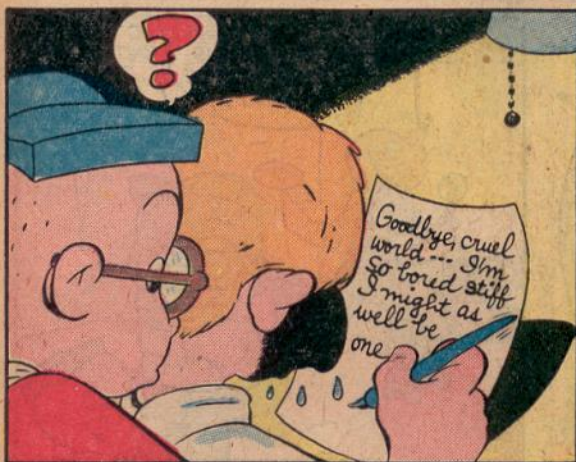
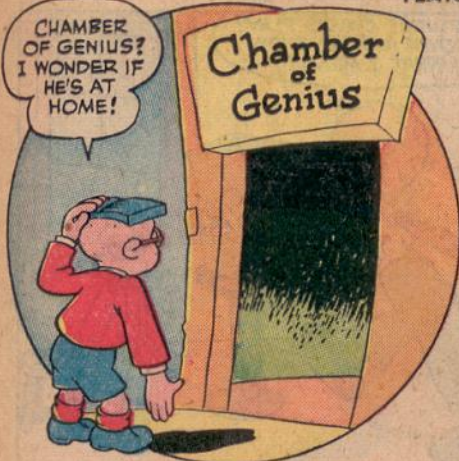


PERKY

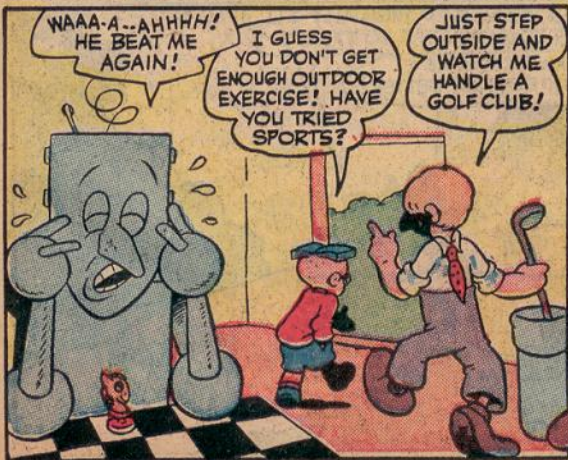
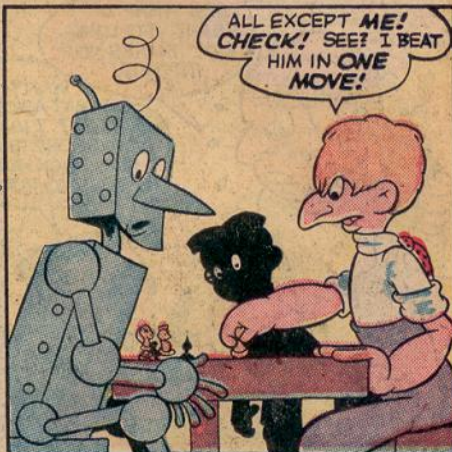
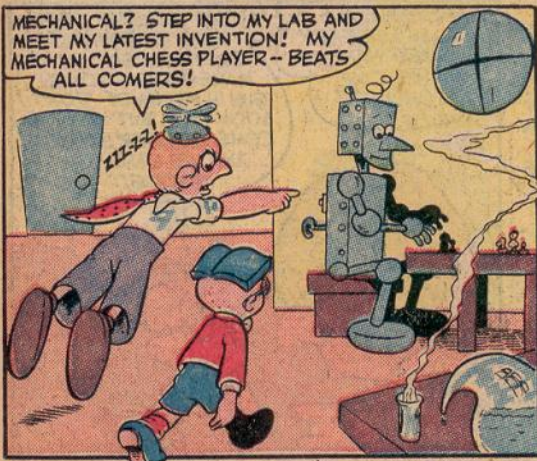
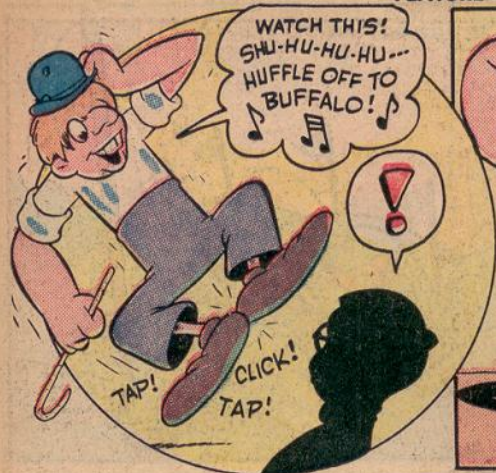
SEE HIM FOR YOURSELF, FOLKS...THE ONE AND ONLY WONDER BOY! SOME SAY THAT WHEN HE VOLUNTEERED AT THE VAUDEVILLE SHOW TO STEP INTO THE AMATEUR MAGICIAN'S VANISHING BOX, HE REALLY **VANISHED!** BUT **WE** KNOW

THAT EVERY TIME THAT MAGICIAN PULLS THE LEVER ON THE BOX, PERKY GOES OFF TO WORLDS THAT LIE BEYOND!









THE EVIL MINIONS OF THE UNDERWORLD ARE COMING AT ME BY THE **THOUSAND!** IN A FLASH I DRAW MY PEARL-HANDLED REVOLVER FROM ITS HOLSTER! IT'S ONE AGAINST MANY! I MUSTN'T MISS!



BANG!
BANG! BANG!
BANG! BANG!
BANG!

TSK!
TSK!



YOU MISSED EVERY TIME! BUT DON'T GET DISCOURAGED!



GRR-RR!

REMEMBER -- PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT! BUT NOBODY'S PERFECT! SO JUST KEEP PRACTICING! IN A COUPLE OF YEARS, YOU'LL GET A LITTLE BETTER!



MAYBE I WOULDN'T MISS IF I USED A REAL GUN AND A REAL TARGET!

UHP! -- OF ALL THE UNGRATEFUL --

BANG!

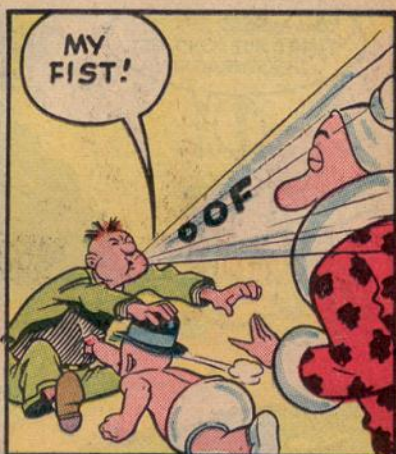
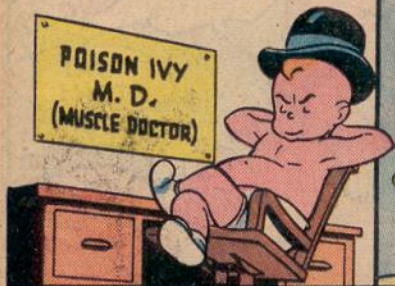
POW!



HA! HA! HE MISSED ME! WILL YOU MISS ME, TOO? I'LL BE BACK AGAIN NEXT MONTH!

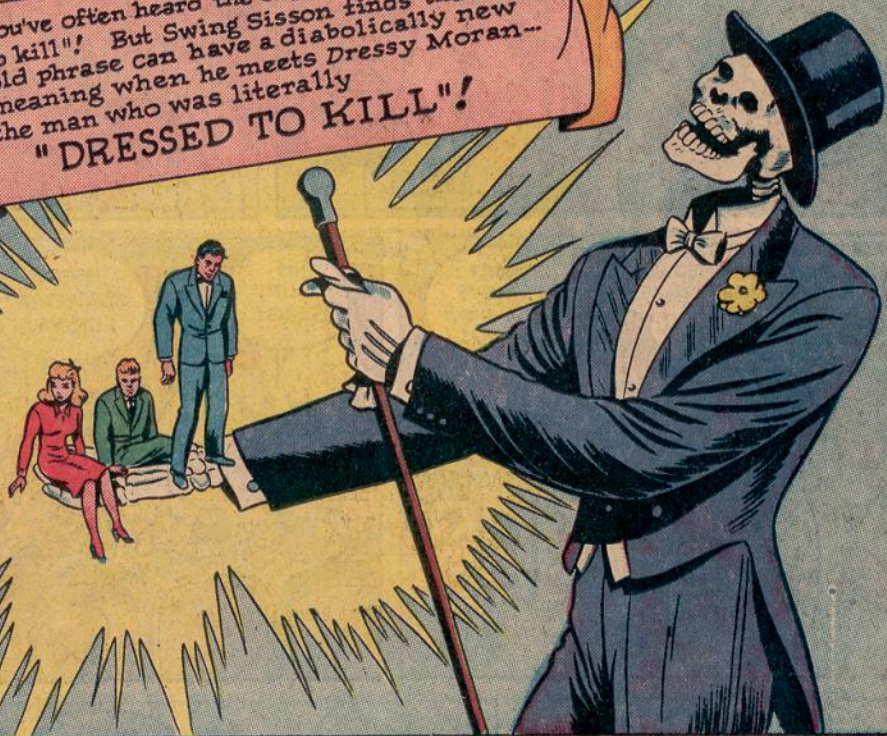


POISON IVY



Swing Sisson

You've often heard the expression "dressed to kill"! But Swing Sisson finds that an old phrase can have a diabolically new meaning when he meets Dressy Moran... the man who was literally "DRESSED TO KILL"!

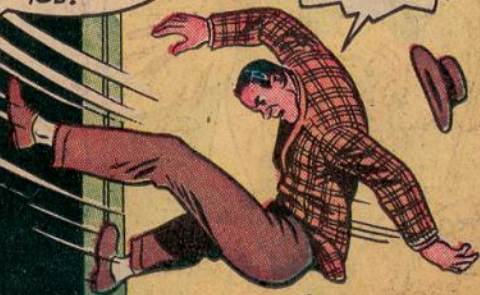


YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID!
GET OUT!

★
SWING
SISSON

AND YOU CAN TAKE
THIS WALLOP WITH
YOU!

OHHHHH!



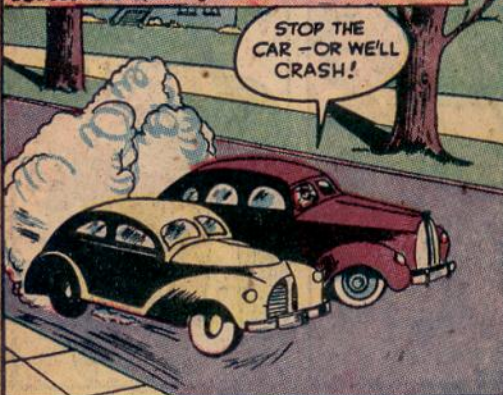








Racing through the streets, Swing Sisson forces his Quarry to the curb---



STOP THE CAR - OR WE'LL CRASH!



OH, BROTHER! HOW I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS!

YOU WON'T WAIT MUCH LONGER! MY SWORD CAME...



THE LIGHT! MY EYES!

JUST AN ORDINARY COMPACT MIRROR!



IMAGINE HOW YOU'D FEEL IF I HIT YOU WITH THE WHOLE PURSE!

UGH!!



OR IF I STUCK YOU WITH A HATPIN...!

THANKS, BONNIE!



YOU PUT HIM IN THE RIGHT POSITION FOR A KAYO! THIS SPELLS FINISH FOR THE MAN WHO WAS DRESSED TO KILL!



WHAT HE DID TO TAPS WILL HOLD HIM -- UNTIL THE POLICE BUILD UP A CASE TO PROVE HE MURDERED WAXEY WILLIAMS!

HE THOUGHT HE WAS "DRESSED TO KILL"! BUT HE DIDN'T PACK WEAPONS HALF AS POTENT AS A MIRROR, A HANDBAG, AND A HATPIN!

LALA PALOOZA

"DONATE YOUR SPARE GARMENTS TO THE POOR PEOPLE ACROSS THE SEAS! YOU WON'T MISS THEM AND THEY ARE BADLY NEEDED!"

THEM POOR PEOPLE!

I SURE WISH MY SPARE SUIT WASN'T HOCKED! HMMM... WONDER HOW LALA IS FIXED!

WHY, SHE'S GOT LOTS OF CLOTHES AND STUFF... MORE'N SHE NEEDS!

I BET SHE WON'T EVEN MISS THESE ODDS AND ENDS!

HMM... COME TO THINK OF IT, I DON'T NEED TO MAIL THESE ABROAD... I KNOW A EUROPEAN RIGHT HERE IN TOWN!

I FEEL A BETTER MAN FOR HAVING DONE WHAT I DID TODAY! YES, SIR!

VINCENT!
I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

ALL MY NEW NYLONS!
AND MY BEST UNDIES!
AND MY GOLD EVENING GOWN AND...

YOU WASN'T ROBBED, LALA! YOU SEE I KINDA DONATED 'EM.... LEMME EXPLAIN!

I'LL GET IT!

NO! I'LL ANSWER IT!

RINGGG!

OUI! OUI! SANK YOUR SO GENEROUS BROTHAIRE FOR ZE STOCKINGS AND STUFF AND TELL HIM HE HAF ZE DATE RIGHT AFTAIRS LAST SHOW!

Bon Ton Business

DOGGED ISOLATIONIST!

LALA PALOOZA

McMAYEM, OUR NEW NEIGHBOR, SURE ACTED TESTY WHEN HE CAUGHT ME BORROWIN' HIS NEWS-PAPER OFF HIS FRONT STOOP!



I WOULDN'T MIND EXCEPT I HEAR HE'S BOUGHT MIKE'S PLACE!...



AND HE'S LIABLE TO CUT OFF MY CREDIT!

OH, BOY! THAT MUST BE HIS SON OUT IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE NOW! IF I COULD ONLY GET IN GOOD WITH THE KID!



SOMETHING TROUBLING YOU, MY LITTLE MAN?



YES, SIR... THAT SCOOTER ON THE STEP IS TOO HEAVY FOR ME TO LIFT DOWN!

I'LL GET IT FOR YOU, SON!



AH, McMAYER IS WATCHING THROUGH THE WINDOW! WHEN HE SEES HOW KIND I AM TO HIS KID, I'LL BE IN SOLID!



SO! FIRST IT'S NEWSPAPERS AND NOW IT'S TOYS HE STEALS!

OH, OH!



SCRAM, FATTY-- TAKE IT ON THE LAM!



OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN RACKETS! WELL, THIS TIME I WON'T JUST BAWL YOU OUT...



--I'M GONNA PEEL OFF YOUR ENTIRE HIDE AND SPREAD IT OVER THE STREET LIKE ASPHALT!



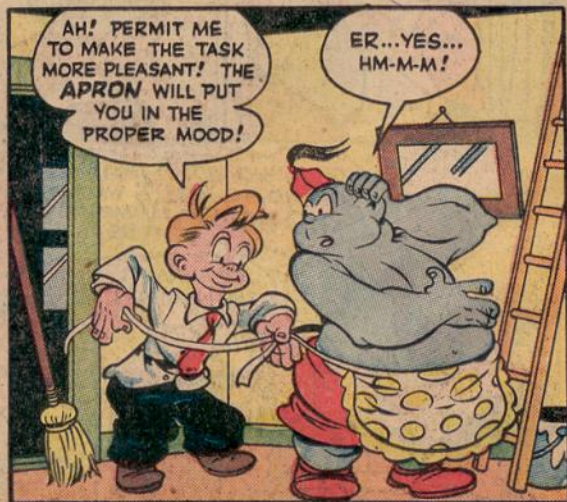
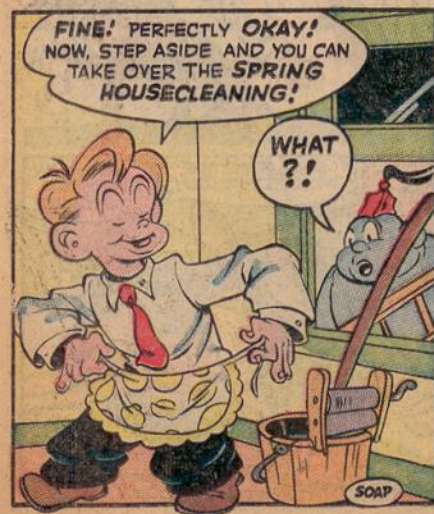
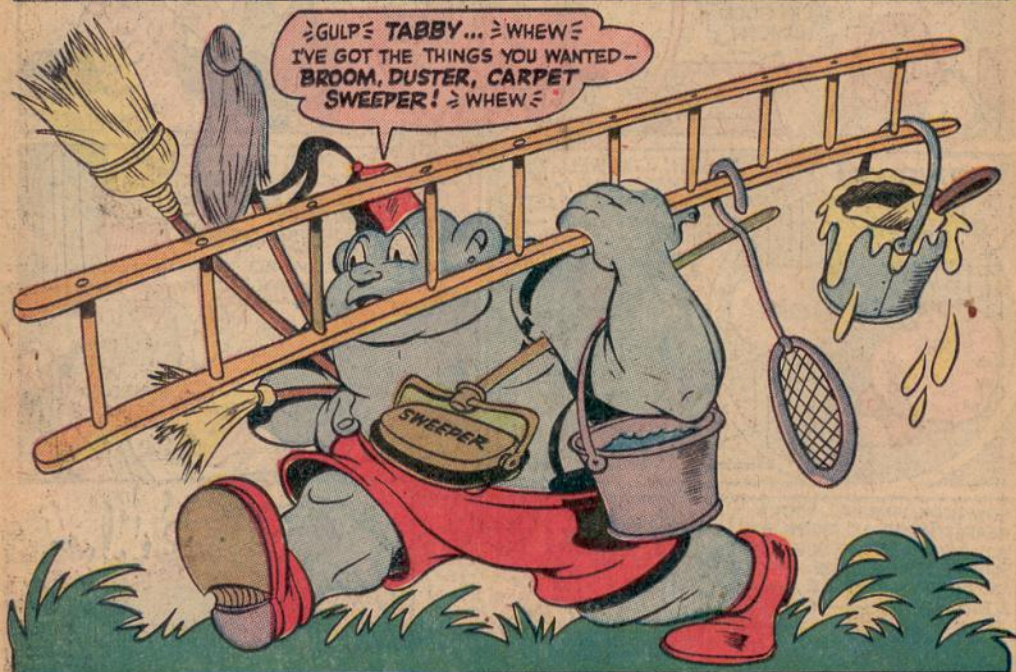
I'LL BE A LITTLE LATE FOR SUPPER, LALA!



LALA PALOOZA



BLIMPY

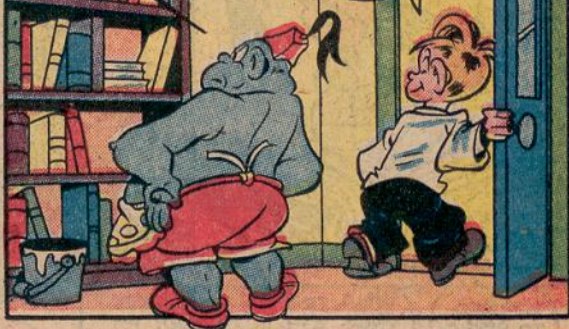


...AND SHOULD YOU BE IN THE
NEED OF EXPERT AUTHORITY,
PLEASE REFER TO THIS BOOK
... PAGES 72 TO 196,
INCLUSIVE!



HMF!

GO TO IT, BLIMPY! HA! HA!
AH! THE **SPRING** SPIRIT WILL
GET INTO YOUR BONES AS
IT HAS INTO MINE!
TRA-LA-AA-A-A



THE **NERVE** OF THAT GUY!...
MAKING ME DO THE HOUSE
WORK 'CAUSE I'M TOO **DUMB**
TO EARN A LIVING!
HMF!



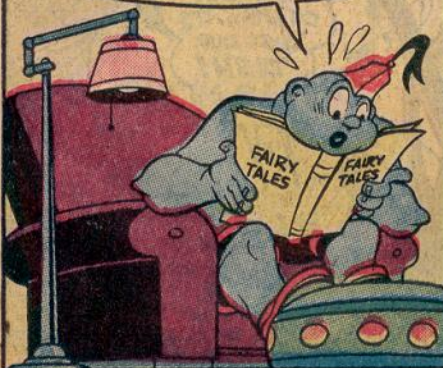
TRA-LA-LA...
BAH!



LET'S SEE - PAGE 72... AH,
HERE 'TIS! "ALL WAS QUIET
THAT NIGHT...THE SHOEMAKER
HAD GONE TO BED..."



"...AND WHILE HE WAS SLEEPING,
THE ELVES SLOWLY TIPTOED INTO
HIS SHOP AND..." >GULP< GOSH!
I'M READING THE WRONG BOOK!



A short
while later--

GEE! WHAT A WONDERFUL
IDEA! JUST THINK ---A LOT
OF LITTLE GUYS DID **ALL**
HIS WORK FOR HIM!



HM-M-M! YOU HAVE ONLY TO BELIEVE IN FAIRIES AND ALL GOOD THINGS WILL BE DONE! I THINK I **DO** BELIEVE IN THEM!



THAT'S **ALL** WE WANTED TO KNOW, BLIMPY! TAKE OFF YOUR LID AND GET TO **WORK!**

E-ELVES?!



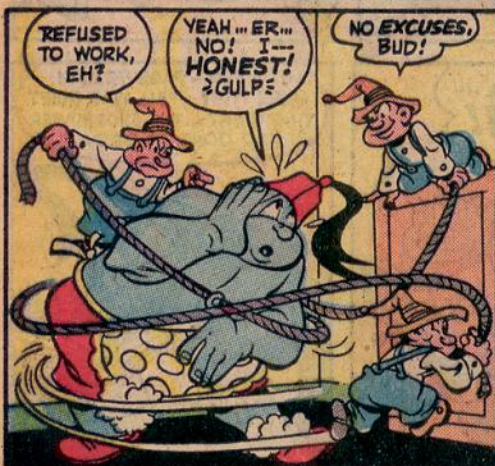
BAWL HIX OUT, **HEPPLEHOP!**

YEAH! **IMP-SWITCH!**

REFUSED TO WORK, EH?

YEAH... ER... NO! I--- **HONEST!** 2GULP2

NO EXCUSES, **BUD!**



FAW-WARD, MARCH!



WE ARE THE BOYS OF THE **CLEAN UP SQUAD...**



...AND WE'RE NOT KIDDIN'!... WE WORK **HARD!**

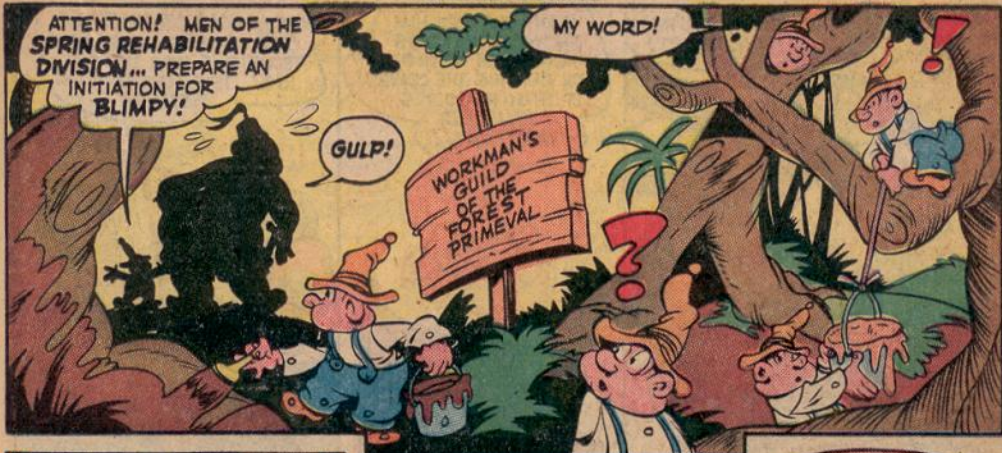
TRAPPED!

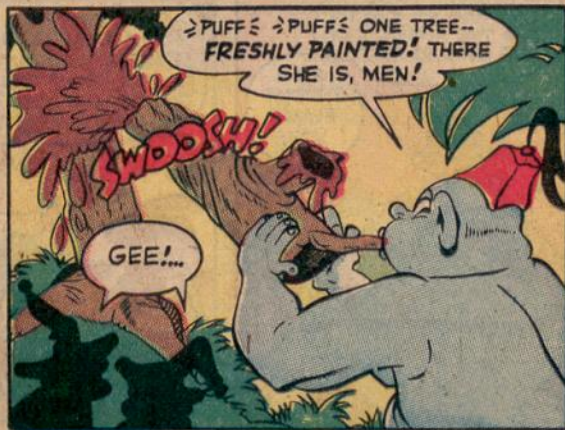
"IF SPRING CLEANING SHOULD BE YOUR **WISH...**"

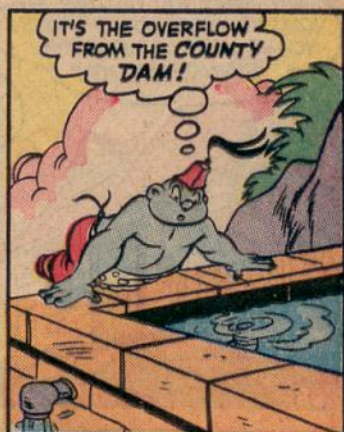
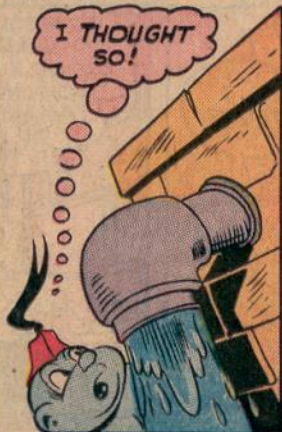


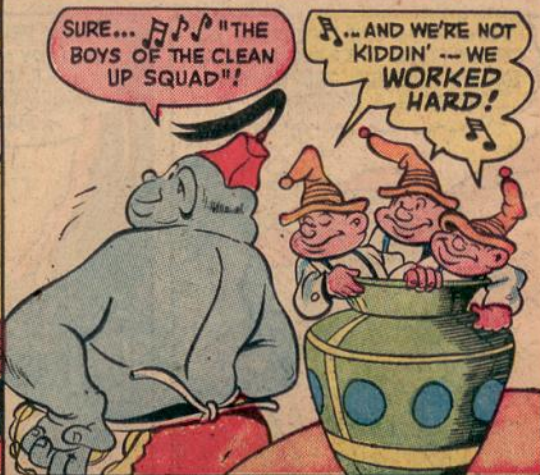
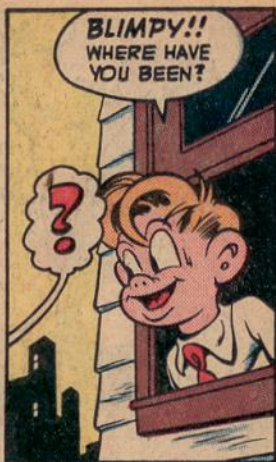
"THEN CALL ON **US...** IT'S JUST OUR **DISH!**"











SPIN SHAW

WHOME?

CRIME CORPORATION

Yes, Captain Shaw **YOU'RE ELECTED!**
And who's better qualified than **YOU** ... after all the adventures in which you've flouted discipline to pursue excitement ... to slap a crew of criminals back into the groove of **LAW AND ORDER!**

At an experimental flying field in the tropics....

WELCOME, CAPTAIN SHAW!
THE NAVAL HIGH COMMAND
TOLD US THEY WERE
SENDING YOU!

YES--I'M
GOING TO
STREAMLINE, SOUP
UP AND COMPLETE
WORK ON THAT NEW
SPEEDSHOT PLANE
OF YOURS--IT
SAYS HERE!

WE CAN ATTAIN
A FLYING
SPEED OF ...

WHATEVER
YOU ATTAIN,
YOU CAN
IMPROVE BY
TRIMMING THE
LINES THERE--
SUPER-CHARGING
AND ELIMINATING
A FEW POUNDS
OF WEIGHT--

Unauthorized watchers have
avoided the guards....

HEAR THAT, KABULI!
THIS PLANE WILL BE
WORTH OUR
STEALING!

ONE SIDE, YOU BLACK-SMITH! LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO JIVE UP THIS CREAM-WHIPPER!

YES--CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW'S A BRILLIANT BATTLER, ENGINEER AND FLIER-- BUT HE'S CERTAINLY BIZARRE!



I'VE HEARD PLENTY ABOUT HIM -- ALWAYS GETTING DECORATED OR SCOLDED BY THE BRASS HATS! ONLY ONE LIKE HIM IN THE ARMED FORCES!

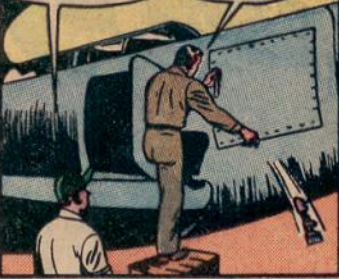
WHICH IS PROBABLY A GOOD THING!



Working like a demon, Spin Shaw makes swift, radical changes....

YOU'RE GOING TO FLY HER NOW, CAPTAIN? WITHOUT CHECKING--

BEST WAY TO CHECK HER IS TO FLY HER! HOP IN -- I NEED YOU!



B-B-BUT, CAPTAIN! WHY DO YOU N-NEED ME UP HERE?

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT, ONE OUT OF TWO MAY LIVE TO REPORT PROGRESS!



AH, SHE RETURNS TO EARTH! AN IDEAL PLANE!

AND THE TIME TO TAKE HER OVER IS NOW!



GET OUT, GROUND LOUSE! PUT STICKUM ON YOUR HAIR TO MAKE IT LIE DOWN --- I SEE A DETAIL TO FIX IN HERE!

AS SOON AS IT'S LEFT ALONE, CREEDON --- WE FLY HER AWAY!



CAPTAIN SHAW'S STILL INSIDE!

ANOTHER VALUABLE PROPERTY TO CONVERT TO OUR OWN USE!



PLANE-SNATCHERS,
HUH? I'LL TAKE THIS
WRENCH AND UN-
COUPLE YOUR HEADS
FROM YOUR ---

PUT IT DOWN,
CAPTAIN! TAKE
CONTROLS,
KABULI!



And the priceless experimental
Speedster sails into the sky....

THAT HURRICANE-HAPPY
SPIN SHAW'S OFF ON ANOTHER
TRIAL HOP! I'M GLAD HE
LEFT ME GROUNDED!



... Crossing miles of ocean, it
descends upon an island!

OBSERVE, CAPTAIN! THIS
LITTLE SAND-SPIT HAS LONG
BEEN OUR HOME! NOW IT
WILL BE YOURS!



YOU SEE OUR COLLEAGUES
IN MANY PROFITABLE VENTURES!
GET OUT AND I SHALL
EXPLAIN!



THEY LOOK LIKE
BIT-PLAYERS IN
A PIRATE
MOVIE!

HOW
APPROPRIATE!
WE DO A SORT
OF TWENTIETH-
CENTURY
'PIRACY'!



THROUGH THIS PART OF THE
WORLD WE SMUGGLE DOPE,
STOLEN JEWELS -- SOME-
TIMES SPIES OR INTER-
NATIONAL CROOKS --
MOST PROFITABLE!

DON'T YOU
THINK I'M
A LITTLE
RUGGED
TO FIT INTO
YOUR
PICTURE?



NO! YOU SEE, CAPTAIN, OUR
PLANES ARE OUTDATED FOR
SMUGGLING! THEY'RE TOO
EASILY SPOTTED
AND CAPTURED!

SO WE
TOOK YOURS!
NOTHING IN THE
AIR CAN GET
CLOSE ENOUGH
EVEN TO SHOOT
AT IT!



WHAT A BUNCH OF SAPS! ONLY A MASTER MECHANIC CAN KEEP THAT BABY IN FIRST-CLASS SHAPE!

WE HAVE A MASTER MECHANIC-- YOU!

SUPPOSE I WON'T PLAY, CREEDON? YOU HAVEN'T ASKED ME IN A VERY NICE WAY!

THEN, MOST REGRETFULLY, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO MY COMPANIONS TO PRACTISE SOME NEW TORTURES!

MAKE UP YOUR MIND QUICK! THEY HAVE SEVERAL NEW METHODS -- THEY'RE EAGER TO EXPERIMENT!

MMMM... YOU SEEM TO WIN, CREEDON! I'LL MECHANIC YOUR MOB!

FIRST OF ALL -- THIS PLANE REALLY NEEDS ROCKET PROPULSION TO BE A SUCCESS!

WE'VE GOT THE PARTS AND THE ROCKET FUEL RIGHT HERE! BRING IT OVER, BOYS!

I DON'T KNOW IF THIS STUFF HAS ANY POWER! ALL WATCH CLOSELY -- BECAUSE IT MAY NOT BE ANY GOOD --

NO, I WAS WRONG! IT'S PERFECT!

YOU CRAZY KILLER! I'LL --

NICE DODGING, KABULI!

FOOL, YOU MADE ME DROP MY GUN!

WEREN'T YOU TALKING ABOUT VIOLENCE, CREEDON? LIKE THIS?

QUICK, TO THAT DEVIL MACHINE HE MADE! SPRAY HIM!



WE MISSED! AIM AGAIN!--

YOU DROPPED SOMETHING, GENTLEMEN!



THAT FUEL'S AWFULLY TOUCHY! NUDGE IT AND IT GETS JUMPY!



EVERYBODY WIPED OUT! THESE PLANES ARE OLD-FASHIONED! NOT WORTH SALVAGING! I'LL LIGHT THEM UP AND FLY MY OWN BABY BACK!



Back at the experimental field...

HERE COMES CAPTAIN SHAW BACK FROM HIS FLIGHT! WINGING LIKE AN ANGEL!

DON'T USE THAT WORD, BOSS! IT SOUNDS SO OFF-TH-EE-EARTH!



PLANE'S A SUCCESS, CAPTAIN? ANY TROUBLE ON THAT LITTLE HOP?

JUST A TRIFLE, SIR! JUST A TRIFLE!



PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

WANH HAI was old. He was wise, too. Wanh Hai had lived in the Islands since he could remember. In fact, some there were who swore Wanh Hai had never been born, but instead had just suddenly appeared in the Islands. He was still there.

Wanh Hai was a trader. Honest. He dealt in anything that had value, such as copra, hides, tallow, beetlenuts and pearls. Few persons knew of his pearl dealings, but Wanh Hai had them for sale; he also bought them—from the right people.

There were pearlery scattered all over the South Seas who would do no business except with old Wanh Hai. Wanh Hai was honest, and they always got a fair deal.

Perry Scott knew Wanh Hai. Had known him for several years—ever since his yacht had touched the island. Wanh Hai and Perry were the best of friends, and they enjoyed many an evening together, sipping tea and swapping yarns. Of course, Wanh Hai could tell the best ones, being older several times over.

Wanh Hai had a beautiful philosophy. He believed that if you did the honest thing for someone, then a good thing would come to you. Or many good things. Wanh Hai had done good things for everyone with whom he had come in contact. It is the only kind of thing he had ever done. Many good things had come his way.

Perry slid into the little harbor one day with a real surprise for old Wanh Hai. He had come upon two perfectly matched pearls in

a bargain far to the south. He knew Wanh Hai was looking for pearls to match a string which a wealthy importer in San Francisco had been negotiating for his new wife, for at least a year.

"Look at these, Wanh Hai," said Perry as he dumped the two shining globules on the velvet covered table in the back of Wanh Hai's store. "Look pretty nice, huh?"

The old Chinese picked up first one and then the other and squinted through his thick glasses. He laid them back on the table. "Perry, they are the most beautiful I've seen in many years. I need only four more and I'll have the good man's string ready. How much?"

Perry said, "You tell me. Whatever you say is oke by me. I know it'll be a lot more than I paid."

It was. Wanh Hai counted out the money and slid it across the table. "How's that, my good fliend?"

Perry shoved the greenbacks into his pocket. He didn't bother to count them.

"Whatever it is, it's good enough, Wanh Hai."

That's how things stood between Wanh Hai and Perry Scott.

One day a large schooner slipped into the harbor and laid quietly all day. People on shore looked at her and wondered. Who did she belong to? Why didn't someone on board show himself?

That night only one light was visible on board. It was presumably in the captain's cabin. But no one came on shore. And that made the mystery even greater. Whose schooner was it?

The next morning, however, a boat was lowered and three men rowed across the lagoon and pulled the small boat up onto the beach. The men stepped out on the sand. They were dressed in clean whites. They headed for Wanh Hai's store.

Wanh Hai welcomed them as he did everyone, with a toothless grin and friendly words. He set tea out for them.

"Naw," said one of the newcomers. "We didn't come to see you for tea. We came to sell some pearls. You wanta buy pearls, China boy?"

Wanh Hai secretly resented the "China boy," but he said nothing didn't change expression. Blandly he said, "Will be glad to look at pearl." He led the way to the little back room and indicated chairs. The men sat down and the leader produced a leather pouch.

"These ain't matched y'understand," he said, "but they're good globes for all that." He dumped the contents of the pouch upon the velvet cover. At least a score of various-sized pearls rolled over the dark material.

"Pretty, ain't they, Chinky?"

Wanh Hai, always inscrutable, picked up one of the globules and scanned it through his thick glasses. He dropped it and picked up another. Each of them in turn he examined. Then he folded his thin yellow hands and looked at the leader of the men.

"Will pay you \$18,000. for same," he said. "That good price, yessir." Wanh Hai often dropped into pidgin English when discussing with certain people, although

he could speak perfect English, and several other languages. "Good price, yessir," he repeated.

The leader cursed. "What you mean, eighteen grand, Chink? Them pearls are worth double that!"

Wanh Hai was adamant. "That my price, gent'men. You no like, then we cannot do business. Mebbe someone else pay more, yessir." He arose as if the conversation was ended. The men remained seated.

"Tell you what," said the leader, "we know where we can get a stiff price, if we can find some others to match a few of these. You catchem pearls?"

Wanh Hai said, "Pearls not fo' sale."

"Whatdya mean, not for sale?" growled the leader.

Wanh Hai bowed. "No pearls fo' sale, m'frends."

The three men got up, scraping their chairs over the floor. The leader said, "Mebbe we can make you change your mind, old Mandarin!" He squinted at his two henchmen. "How about it, fellows?"

One of them whispered something to him. The latter nodded and the three started for the front. At the door, the leader turned and faced the old man.

"We may call on you again. Or maybe we won't." With that they were gone.

Wanh Hai looked after them for a moment and shook his head. He didn't figure such men out. He told Perry about their visit that evening.

"Yeah, I know," said Perry. "I tried to get a line on 'em but couldn't. Nobody knows anything about them or their schooner, the Boomer. Better be careful, Wanh Hai, I don't think they mean anything good."

Wanh Hai nodded. "They won't catch Wanh Hai napping, Perry."

The schooner was gone the next morning. That fact troubled the inhabitants of the little village more than anything else. Few persons had seen the men. No one knew anything about them or their ship. Now it was gone, without any explanation. They wondered, and talked about the mystery for several days, until the schooner returned to the harbor and dropped anchor.

When Perry visited Wanh Hai's store that afternoon, to pick up a trinket the old Chinese had been modeling out of clay for him, he asked if the men of the schooner had been around.

"Not yet, but they come, you bet," said Wanh Hai. "I still will not sell my pearls," he added with a sly twinkle. Then he turned to his easel and picked up the foot-high figurine he had finished. "You like him, Perry?"

Perry took the clay object and turned it over and over. It was an exquisite piece of work. A water buffalo with a boy astride. "Never saw its equal anywhere,"

Perry told him. "Wanh Hai, where did you learn all the things you know? You do everything—well."

Wanh Hai laughed at the tribute. "You are a good friend, my boy. For good friends one can do his best."

Perry took the figure back home with him and set it on the mantle.

When the Clipper from Apia landed that afternoon, Perry was at the wharf to meet it. There would be mail. And there would be a fine gift for Wanh Hai. A book the old Chinese had been trying everywhere to obtain.

Perry carried it over to the store that evening. Wanh Hai was no where about. He called. Then he heard a sound in the back

room. Cautiously he tiptoed to the hanging curtain and looked in. Wanh Hai was bound and gagged in a chair. The place was a wreck. Quickly he jumped to untie the old man.

Wanh Hai grinned sheepishly as he rubbed his wrists. "They come, all right," he said. "They want to buy pearls."

"Did they get 'em?" cried Perry.

Wanh Hai pointed to the little secret panel in one wall. A silken hanging had been torn away, exposing it. Wanh Hai nodded.

"Good grief!" cried Perry. "All those beautiful matched pearls!"

Wanh Hai nodded. "Good comes to him who does good," he muttered. "Bad to him who does evil. I just remember, Perry, I forgot to finish one little part of your buffalo. You will go now and get same for me."

"B-but the pearls—"

"Get buffalo, please," ordered the old man. Perry hurried out. At home, he picked up the buffalo and hurried back to Wanh Hai's. The old man worked for a moment with a tool and the head came off the buffalo. Out poured a stream of pearls. Wanh Hai's matched pearls!

Perry cried out. Wanh Hai smiled. He put the pearls back in a little bag taken from a drawer and attached the buffalo's head.

"Sometimes," said the Chinese, "when one lose head, like buffalo, it is for good purpose. Catch?"

Perry nodded. "B-but they got the pearls—"

Wanh Hai lifted a bony hand. "No, Perry, they got only imitations I kept for just that purpose. I had that safe made for that purpose—to keep the imitation pearls in. So you see, those men were bad; they only reap ill luck so!"

MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

GIVEN A MEDICAL DISCHARGE BY THE NAVY, MICKEY IS NOW SERVING AS ONE OF HIS UNCLE PHIL'S DEPUTIES — PHIL HAVING BEEN SWORN IN AS SHERIFF.



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

I SUPPOSE YOUR
UNCLE PHIL IS GETTING A
GREAT KICK OUT OF
BEING SHERIFF,
EH, MICKEY?

OH, YES,
SERGEANT! HE'S
TAKING IT
VERY
SERIOUSLY! IN
FACT, HE'S A
CHANGED MAN!

WHAT ARE
THOSE
THINGS,
PHILIP—
HANDCUFFS?

YES—THE
BEST THAT
MONEY CAN
BUY! THEY
WERE ISSUED
TO ME BY
THE COUNTY
TODAY!

WELL, PUT
THEM AWAY!
THEY MAKE
ME
NERVOUS!

I WANT TO
SHOW YOU
HOW FAST
THEY SNAP
ON! SEE!

TAKE THEM OFF,
PHILIP! I DON'T
EVEN LIKE TO SEE
THEM ON YOU IN
FUN!

THE KEY IS IN MY
RIGHT-HAND BACK
POCKET—GET IT!

THERE'S NO
KEY IN THAT
POCKET,
PHILIP!

HOLY
MACKEREL!
I JUST
REMEMBER—
I LEFT IT IN MY
DESK AT THE
OFFICE!

TCH, TCH! WELL,
CALL UP THE
OFFICE, AND
HAVE ONE OF
YOUR DEPUTIES
BRING IT
OVER!

DO YOU THINK
I WANT
ANYONE TO
KNOW ABOUT
THIS? I'LL GO
DOWN TO THE
OFFICE AND
NOBODY'LL BE
THE WISER!

THERE'S A
NEW COP
ON OUR
BEAT,
PHILIP! IF
HE SEES
THEM ON
YOU, HE'LL
NOBODY'S
GONNA
SEE 'EM!
BUTTON
THE COAT
OVER MY
HANDS!



JUST A
MINUTE!
WHAT HAVE
YOU GOT
UNDER
THAT
COAT?

NONE OF YOUR
BUSINESS! I'M
THE SHERIFF
OF THIS COUNTY!
GO ON AND
WALK YOUR
POST!

OH! SO YOU'RE
THE SHERIFF,
EH? C'MON, WISE
GUY! LET'S SEE
WHAT YOU'RE
HIDIN'!



HE MUST HAVE
ESCAPED FROM A
SANATORIUM, SERGEANT!
HE KEEPS TELLIN' ME
THAT HE'S THE
SHERIFF!

WELL, TELL
HIM YOU'RE
J. EDGAR
HOOVER
—AND BRING
HIM IN!



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

NIPPIE—DID YOU
BRING IN YOUR
ROLLER SKATES?

I THINK I LEFT 'EM ON
THE BACK STAIRS—I'LL
BRING 'EM IN WHEN I
FINISH THE FUNNIES!

YOU'LL BRING THEM IN NOW!
IT'S GETTING DARK AND IF
YOUR DAD COMES IN THE
BACK WAY, THEY MIGHT GIVE
HIM A BAD FALL!

OKAY!
BUT HE'D
SEE THEM!



MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

PHIL SEEMS TO BE GETTING ALONG FINE AS SHERIFF, MRS. FINN! I'M REALLY SURPRISED!

WELL, MICHAEL AND SERGEANT HALLIGAN WATCH HIM VERY CLOSELY, FLOSSIE—I GUESS THAT ACCOUNTS FOR IT!

WHERE IS PHIL, NOW, MICKEY?

HE'S IN THERE, SERGEANT—READING A DETECTIVE STORY!

WELL, DO YOU WANT TO GO OUT FOR LUNCH NOW—OR SHALL I GO?

YOU GO!—I'M NOT HUNGRY YET!



I'LL TAKE IT, UNCLE PHIL! UNLESS IT'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT, SAY I'M OUT!



CERTAINLY! I'LL COME RIGHT UP!



IT WAS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE! THEY WANT TO SEE ME ABOUT SOMETHING! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



OKAY!



A BIG POKER GAME, EH? WHERE?



Y-YOU MEAN HE WENT OUT TO RAID SOME GAMBLING JOINT?



I THINK SO! AFTER HE GOT THE ADDRESS HE RUSHED RIGHT DOWN FOR HIS CAR!



WHO WENT WITH HIM IN THE CAR?



JUST MULROONEY! AND THEY SURE WERE IN A HURRY!



SLOW DOWN, MULROONEY! IT'S THAT BIG APARTMENT ON THE CORNER!



IF HE'D ONLY LEFT THE ADDRESS, SERGEANT! HE'LL BUNGLE IT AS SURE AS FATE!



WELL, I'M A LITTLE PROUD OF HIM.

MICKEY! I DIDN'T THINK HE'D HAVE THE COURAGE TO TACKLE IT WITHOUT US!



HOW MANY CARDS, PHIL?

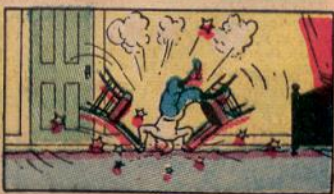
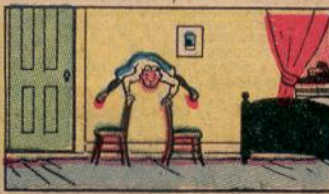
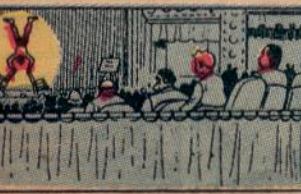


JUST ONE, DELANEY!—AND I THINK I'M GONNA BE AWFUL GLAD YOU PHONED!



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

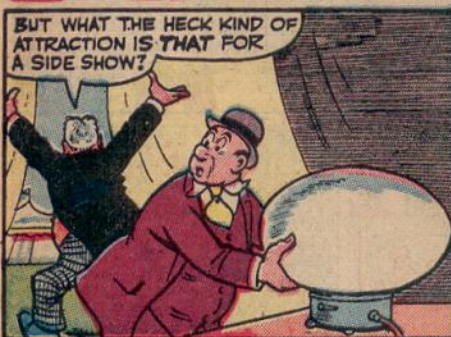
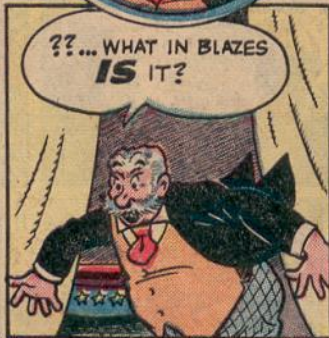


NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



BIG TOP



THE WAGES JEFF BANGS PAYS HIS CLOWNS IN THIS CIRCUS WOULDN'T KEEP A GNAT IN KNEE PANTS OR A BUG IN BREAKFAST FOOD!



BIG TOP

AND I'M THE GUY TO DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT!

RIGHT NOW!



CALLIN' ALL CLOWNS! C'MON, FELLAS --- GATHER AROUND!



OKAY, MEN! ARE WE GONNA LET THIS STUFFED-SHIRT SIMON LEGREE SLAP US AROUND FOREVER, OR DO WE START PICKETING THE OLD PORPOISE FOR A SQUARE SHAKE AND A RAISE IN SALARY?



WHY, THE NEXYE OF THAT @#%&@%!



SO YOU'LL PICKET ME, WILL YOU?



YOU'RE NOT EVEN A CLOWN ANY MORE --- YOU'RE DENOTED!



FROM NOW ON YOU'RE CHAMBERMAID TO THE CHIMPANZEES AND BUTLER TO THE BABOONS, YOU FAT RADICAL!



HEH! NOW LET HIM TRY PICKETING ME!



JEFF BANGS IS UNFAIR TO CLOWNS!

AND US CHIMPS!

ALSO, WE BABOONS, BLAST HIM!

BANGS AIN'T A FIT BOSS FOR APE OR MAN!

SLAVE WAGES! BUTCH HAS TO BUY HIS SUITS ONE PANT LEG AT A TIME!

AND WE WANT BIGGER AND BETTER BANANAS.



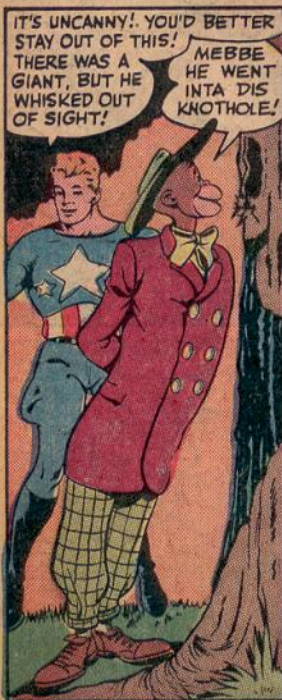
Rusty Ryan

The BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS, trained at Boyville, U.S.A., charge in where their leader, Rusty Ryan, points the way--even to the lair of LORGO, the mysterious giant!

by Paul Gustavson









Meanwhile, the Boyville Brigadiers explore the trail...





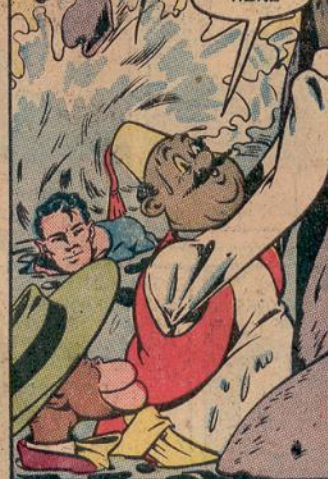
JUST WHAT I FIGURED FROM THOSE PAJAMAS--- LORGO'S A HENCHMAN OF SOME SMART OPERATOR WHO'S SCARED THE LOCALS INTO GIVING HIM **EVERYTHING!**

MORE ROCKS, LARGO! THE FIRST BATCH IS HOT ENOUGH!



HEY! I DON'T WANT TO BE CHOWDER!

TRUST TO ALLAH! WE CAN CLIMB UP HERE--



THROW 'EM BACK IF THEY COME UP, LORGO!

TURN AROUND AND PICK ON SOMEBODY ONE-TENTH YOUR SIZE!



HERE'S ONE WHO DOESN'T HAVE THE SENSE TO BEAT IT! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

YES, BOSS --- I'LL PUT THE MUSCLE ON HIM!



YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE, LITTLE ONE! I'M OUT OF YOUR CLASS!

THAT'S TOO BIG AN ARM TO TRY MY JUDO ON! THEREFORE---



I'LL CONCENTRATE ON JUST YOUR LITTLE FINGER!

YEEOW!



